

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1918

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WHITMAN AND TRAUBEL by William English Walling. New York: Washington Sq. Book Shop, \$1.10.

A brief for those who believe that the spirit of Walt Whitman lives in his biographer and literary executor, Horace Traubel. Published in 1910 but only now placed on the market.

THE WORLD WAR AND THE ROAD TO PEACE by T. B. McLeod. New York: Macmillan & Co., 60c.

Arguments offered the pacifist in a friendly spirit to convince him of the error of pacifism in the present crisis. Dedicated to all lovers of peace.

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THE RIDDLES OF HAMLET by Simon Augustine Blackmore, S. J. Boston: Stratford Co., \$2.

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REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Looking to the End

By William Marion Reedy

THE line holds. The enemy cannot turn it at the northwestern end, near the sea, nor break through at Amiens.

Supplies and troops are going over from this side and the submarines do not get any of the ships. German man-power wanes; the opposing man-power increases.

And Foch, we are told, has dug and thrown up twenty-seven trench lines between the present front and Paris, as a precaution preliminary to the long awaited counter-offensive.

There are indications that conditions in Russia are such as may necessitate the withdrawal of troops from the western front by Germany to protect herself on the east. Trotzky and Lenine, still in power, call for universal military service.

Popular discontent seethes in Austria-Hungary, the government is badly torn between bitter-enders and those willing to quit at a good opportunity, while proposals of peace are said to have been made to Italy. The Hapsburgs are not to be depended on.

Great Britain may work out some solution of the Irish difficulty. Possibly some forcing of Ulster into home rule may soften the southern Irish opposition to conscription. At any rate Lloyd-George will hardly force the Irish into revolution. He will at least give them home rule first. The United States has, informally, recommended this course.

"Over here" everything connected with the war is speeding up. More men are being called to arms. We are getting ready to call out 3,000,000 men. Labor difficulties are lessening. Production is picking up. There is an easier feeling as to shipping and the food situation is well in hand.

The third Liberty loan subscription will go over the top with a soar that will make erstwhile pessimists ashamed of themselves, encourage our associates in the war and make Germany wonder where she is going to get off.

But—if the line should not hold?

Even then Germany will not have won. There's the allied navy still holding her down and penning her in. There is nothing conclusive for her if she gets to the channel ports. The allies may fall back and hold up the German advance indefinitely. Without control of the sea the Germans cannot stop the coming of the Americans. She cannot stop the Yanks until she has smashed both France and Britain with a blow or a series of blows she cannot now deliver. Sea power holds her bound while land power piles up against her. And she is not getting as much food and other supplies from Russia as she anticipated, because the supplies are not there to be had. Even she does not get so much sand and gravel from Holland as she thought to get—only enough to fail to give her an excuse for invading Holland. Germany tries and tries the larger strategy and tactics but does not wholly succeed. The allies seem to have no tactics but to hold on, all the time killing Germans most abundantly. It is said in some of the news that leaks out of Germany that this killing of Germans is the grand tactic that counts heaviest against the national morale.

The affair at Ostend and Zeebrugge is belittled in German communiques, but it means, at the very least, that there is little chance that the German grand fleet can make a sortie with any hope of accom-

plishing anything against the British fleet. The allies control the North Sea and the channel.

German triumph never seemed more unlikely than it does now. Perhaps the word is not "unlikely," but "impossible."

There is absolutely nothing in the situation to cause serious depression in the minds of the allies. But there is enough to cause a stiffening of determination to win and a tremendous co-ordination, concentration and co-operation of energies to win at the earliest possible date.

Great Britain, France and Italy cannot defeat Germany. The United States can and will, but the United States must hurry, even though she is now hurrying, to deliver the *coup de grace*.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

A Full House

THAT biography of Col. E. M. House continues to excite inextinguishable laughter. It is funnier than the Colonel's own adventure in prophetic fiction, "Philip Dru, Administrator." The two *opera* suggest that it was a great misfortune Col. House was not around at the time of creation; God might have so much profited by his advice and guidance.

♦♦

A Change in Collier's

I SEE that Mr. Finley Peter Dunne is now editor of *Collier's*. Mr. Dunne is Mr. Dooley, the best philosopher this country has produced since Franklin. Likewise he is or was Mr. *Worldly Wiseman* whose ironic comment upon affairs was so subtly fine that the editors of *The American Magazine* had to explain to its readers that the articles were "writ sarcastic" and were not, as many of them thought, a glorification of stand-pat. I rejoice in Dunne at the head of *Collier's*, but I regret the absence of Mr. Mark Sullivan as editor. There was a vigor in his work that none might resist. He wrote simply, clearly, after thinking things out in their essentials from their beginnings to their ultimate effects. His was a catholic interest in life. It touched everything, and nothing coldly. His writing always had fervor of sympathy for the right, fine thing, even when its most patent fervency was that of assault upon some strong wrong. His politics was, in the main, the politics of efficient democracy. Rooseveltian, it might have been called, but it was more than that, for it was less idolatrous of the academic than is Rooseveltism. Mark Sullivan was fairly by way of becoming a radical. His dealing with the war was not timorous, not super-careful. He was for our going in, long before most of his countrymen, and his criticism of our course after entrance upon the undertaking was forceful, without the maliciousness of Col. George Harvey. It was under Sullivan's management that *Collier's* gained its circulation of more than a million a week, and this was accomplished without any editorial stooping to conquer public taste. Recently Sullivan had written very severely about our war management. I don't know that this had anything to do with the disappearance of his name from the editorial page. *Collier's* made no prominent announcement of the change of editors. I discovered it accidentally in the legally required statement of ownership, in small type, away back in the paper. It may be that Mr. Sullivan is not permanently dissociated from *Collier's*. He may have gone to Europe to study the war at close range. Wherever

he is, there is a good man, doing good work. Mr. Dunne's genius is unlike Mr. Sullivan's, but I doubt if their politics is much different. *Collier's* readers will have joy of the work of Mr. Dunne, but they will miss that of Mr. Sullivan and their hearts will follow him until rejoicingly they find him again in *Collier's* or elsewhere.



A Story of Journalism

THE last four years have been rough on newspapers. Very few of them have profited by the war. There have been many demises among them, and among periodicals too. The cost of everything that enters into newspaper production has advanced enormously—paper, ink, labor; and now a heavier burden of postage is being imposed upon them. Advertising has fallen off. There is no advertising in war business. Many big papers are "hanging on by the skin of their teeth." One of those that have been so hanging has fallen. That is the *Chicago Herald*. Mr. William Randolph Hearst has bought the *Herald* property and will combine it with that of his *Examiner*. There isn't much property in the *Herald*, other than a good ground lease in Chicago's "loop" and the Associated Press franchise. This franchise that Hearst has wanted for years. He could not get it because, while membership in that organization is open theoretically to anyone who will pay the required quota of the cost of gathering the news of the world, in fact no one can get a franchise in any city if any one member of the Associated Press in that city makes objection. A franchise may be bought however in such circumstances as present themselves in the case of the *Herald*. Mr. Hearst has a news service of his own—the International News Service. It gathers news and does it well, if somewhat sensationally, and sells it to other papers, chiefly those which have no membership in the Associated Press. This service was debarred from privileges in the allied countries and Canada because of Mr. Hearst's alleged use, or misuse, of information for pro-German purposes, but it has been re-licensed of late. With that news-gathering instrumentality, the United Press and the Associated Press, Mr. Hearst's *Examiner*—or maybe, for a time the *Examiner-Herald* or vice versa—will be powerfully equipped to cover all the news that's fit to print, and possibly,—seeing it's Mr. Hearst—a good deal that isn't fit to print. The *Herald* was once a great paper,—when James R. Scott was its editor. Then Victor Lawson, who owns the mighty *Daily News*, the best in many ways and the most profitable paper in Chicago, had it, in combination with the *Record*. Then H. H. Kohlsaat owned it and conducted it with distinction. I think he got into it, got out, got in again and then out again, a la Mr. Strickland Gilliland's immortal *Flanigan*. They called Kohlsaat a baker of sinkers, but he was and is a person of real class, albeit a standpat Republican. Latterly the *Herald*, re-shaped from its own past and the ruins of the *Inter-Ocean*, has been under the management of James Keeley. It has never paid. Keeley had made a great reputation as managing editor of the *Tribune*. Many people, including himself, thought he was the *Tribune*. That paper had hugely prospered under him, but of course it was a great paper, under Joseph Medill, when Lincoln and Douglas were first matched against each other in the struggle which made the former an immortal. Keeley distinguished himself by finding a fugitive absconding banker, one Stensland, in Algiers or some such place, and bringing him back to punishment. Stensland died about two weeks ago. Then Keeley, in the *Tribune*, began the fight on William Lorimer that resulted in his expulsion from the United States senate on the ground that he had been corruptly chosen. Lorimer was pretty bad, but the powers that "got" him were the powers that had egregiously grafted on politics and business, local and national, for a generation. It was shortly after Lorimer's downfall—he is now a private watchman or something of the sort—that Keeley took the *Herald*. His absence from the *Tribune* was not noticeable in its policy or

progress. He did nothing with the *Herald*. He made no journalistic innovations. The paper had nothing unique in its make-up, methods or tone. It had no new ideas or freshly presented old, good ones. It had no personality. It had no influence. Mr. Keeley at first seemed destined to be an "up-lifter" like Norman Hapgood, Lincoln Steffens and others, appearing at chautauquas, city clubs, civic forums and such places, but he faded from that field, because his paper wasn't for the "uplift;" worse than that, it wasn't brilliantly reactionary. Mr. Keeley's backers, whomsoever they were, weren't out to "do" anybody other than Lorimer, and Mr. Keeley himself had not the dynamic or magnetic to give the publication an attractive individuality. A short time back it was said he had enlisted in the *Herald* the interest and some of the money of Lord Northcliffe, but that was not true, or if it was considered, it did not help the *Herald* with either the public or the advertisers. If there were men of big money back of Mr. Keeley, they wouldn't spend it on the *Herald* and probably they discovered, what other men like them have discovered, that there is no such thing as making a success of a newspaper that is palpably devoted to the big cinch in a big city. So the *Herald* has passed to Mr. Hearst. Now Hearst and the *Tribune* will battle for supremacy in the morning newspaper field in Chicago. Hearst has force, but he will find it no easy matter either to turn the flank or pierce the line of Joseph Medill Patterson or Medill McCormick who are directing the strategy and tactics of the *Tribune*. Mr. Arthur Brisbane will be the editor of the Hearst publication.



The Late Louis Cella

LOCAL papers have unduly stressed some of the less legitimate early activities of the late Louis A. Cella. He did keep a saloon, shoot craps, run the racing game, establish a chain of bucket shops, dominate local politics from the sport point of view. In the good old days I played a little with him in all those games but the bucket shop, and later I helped smash them all. But Cella was a big man and in some important particulars a clean man. He was an organizer and he had the money sense. He worked like a slave. He knew how to handle men. A man of keen insight, he was a man of quick decisions and unshakable once he had decided. If he liked anyone he would go the route for him. If he didn't like one, he had no use for him, but he would never "job" anybody. He made much money out of sport, but he did it by applying business methods to it. When he owned a race track he would get up at 3 o'clock in the morning to go to market and buy the "wienies" for the "hot dog" at the lunch stand. He never plunged at craps or faro or in the bucket shops. He stuck to the percentage. In politics he was ruthless because compromise was fatal. The politicians who would compromise with him would turn on him. These tactics and policies made him the ruler of the racing world. When public opinion precipitated into irreconcilable opposition to his sporting interests he took his medicine and turned to the theatrical business and real estate. He became a dominant figure in theatrical enterprises and he was the greatest real estate operator in St. Louis. He dealt with those things in a big way. Foresight he possessed and he could size up the people. In his appreciation of the profitableness of the mathematical progress of the "unearned increment" he was a single taxer with "reverse English." But he didn't play dog-in-the-manger. He was a builder of fine buildings—theatres, hotels, office buildings. He did much to make the new St. Louis in that respect. Money seemed to come to him more than half way. He was among the first to go into the movies. He was an early participant in war-contracts. He stuck to racing to the last, not alone because it paid, but to keep some of the old horse-crowd going—owners, bookies, etc. He was the meal ticket of thousands of race-followers from Montreal to New Orleans and Havana. Though he and I had not spoken since 1905, none of the old boys ever turned up at one of

his tracks with a letter from me and was turned down. Cella was not small in anything I ever heard of, though no detail of any interest of his was too small to be unworthy of attention. He could take big losses as if he liked them—with a smile, without a whimper—and he would get up out of bed in his home on a half-million dollar estate, at midnight, to see that some retainer in the old days, now politically useless, was sprung from the calaboose. Aside from his country home there was no display of his wealth. He liked to make money, and it seemed he just couldn't help making it. If anyone double-crossed him, he never "squealed," and he wasted little time in getting even. Indeed he could be generous and magnanimous to those he might have pursued for vengeance. He was not a stage Italian. Among many people he inspired a pathetic devotion, and no one ever met and dealt with him in business without conceiving respect for his clearness of mind and firmness of character. He got into life by a dark-some way, but he developed financial genius in spite of temptations that would have wrecked an ordinary man. Louis Cella was true to his lights such as they were, true above all to his family and friends, and he died quietly, game to the last of a long, hard fight. He was a man—indeed, as they say nowadays, a he-man.



The Loyal German-Born

IT is too bad that there is not a more general and spontaneous response to the declaration of loyalty to this country recently made by the university professors of German birth. Ex-Congressman Bartholdt's letter to the *Globe-Democrat*, saying that the declaration was uncalled for, that the loyalty of Americans of German birth is attested in Liberty bond subscriptions, is mere piddling. What is wanted is that German-Americans shall stand up in their places and be counted as Americans with no divided allegiance. More of them should do as the professors have done, as Hermann Hagedorn has done, as Frederick William Lehmann has done, as the Buders, owners of *Die Westliche Post*, have done, and many others of like note—not only proclaim themselves but call on all others German born so to do. There are many who will do so, probably, because they will wish to go with a movement for which there is much popular acclaim. There are some who will say that many of the signers of the declaration and call are eleventh hour converts. Better late than never for anyone, but I would point out that of these alleged or supposed time-servers, Prof. Otto Heller of Washington University is not one. I had the honor of publishing his emphatic assertion of fealty to this country as long ago as last September, in the form of a letter to a New York periodical that had circularized Americans of German birth with an impudent questionnaire. At about the same time I printed a letter like unto Prof. Heller's from Prof. Leo Loeb, also of Washington University. Those men did not wait for others to organize a movement before they declared their Americanism as undilute and unadulterate. There does not lie against them the charge, made skulkingly, that the men who have signed the call printed in the papers last week did not do so until they were confronted with the prospect of losing their position. Most of the signers do not follow a movement. They are the movement. They are not condemned by ex-congressman Bartholdt's plea that the way for the German born in America to show their loyalty is by taking Liberty bonds. One could buy bonds though an enemy alien. Anyone can say he has bought bonds. Very different is the Americanism of the German born who like Prof. Heller and I doubt not most of his fellow signers, who solemnly place themselves on record as Americans, who set an example to others German born, and who buy Liberty bonds, too. Men like Prof. Heller are in certain circles objects of reproach and innuendo, mostly anonymous, but they will survive such treatment and in time to come will be honored for having rendered a service to those German born who now insinuate low motives for abjuring definitely and de-

cisively the faintest shadow of sympathy with or support for the Teutonic ideals oppugnant to those of this country in the present conflict. I do not believe in proscription for opinion's sake. Certainly I do not believe in insidious proscription by the German born of those of their number who are not afraid to say they are in good and full faith American nationals, to the limit of devotion, in accord with their naturalization oaths. Honest enemy aliens are better, in this crisis, than Laodicean hyphenates. And an ex-statesman of German birth and socialistic antecedents who sneers at the German born who formally proclaim their American loyalty is only attempting to apply to those others the policy of *spuros versenkt*.

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United States Senator Wilfley

GOVERNOR GARDNER has appointed Mr. Xenophon P. Wilfley, a capable, reputable, respectable gentleman, to be United States senator from Missouri, in place of the late William Joel Stone, until next November. Mr. Wilfley is in no danger of succeeding himself. Politically, he may, by reason of his position, be able to do something to make it easy for the man who appointed him to succeed him. He will not have time, however high his abilities, to do very much of, to say nothing of more than, that. But he will stand by the President and vote to get on with the war. The governor is being criticised sharply for his course with regard to the senatorship. First he asked Secretary of State Lansing if David R. Francis could be spared from the Russian ambassadorship, and the secretary couldn't in courtesy say anything but "No;" so that was an offer of the place to Mr. Francis. Then the appointment was offered in turn to Speaker Champ Clark and to Justice Walter Graves of the state supreme court, both of whom, as everybody knew to be the case, had to decline the honor, but the proffer was a recognition of the following of each man. The governor handed a more or less empty compliment to each man and his friends. Then the governor put in his own man—a good man, but his own. This is too clever by half. It is taken as exposing the governor's purpose to leave the senatorial nomination open for himself, though he has averred that he would seek no higher office than the one he now holds. This may be so, but what of it? It is politics as she is played. It gives no known aspirant to the toga any advantage. The governor's aspirations are technically supposititious. He is clean on the record as writ in visible ink, but for all that, if he has senatorial aspirations, his course in this matter will not conduce to save him the affliction of "lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks" on the part of those partisans of senatorial possibilities who will endeavor to make sure that the governor shall not be of their number. Governor Gardner had been wiser to have chosen as temporary successor to Stone a more prominent Missourian than Mr. Wilfley. It is hardly so much as an opportunity that he gives Mr. Wilfley. Still, as Missouri politics goes, the governor has played good politics. The sad thing is that everybody thought the governor would do better, would rise to the occasion, and above Missouri politics. Some effort will be required on his part to live down this action and he hasn't much time in which to do it. Ex-Governor Folk and Ambassador Francis are giants in the governor's way to the senate if his feet are being set in that thorny and stony path. All of which being said, here's good fortune to Senator Xenophon P. Wilfley, and may he be measurably as wise a man as he from whom he derives his pagan name.

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Taft or Gompers

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT argues ably for compulsory universal military service in this country, even if we win the war, which, of course, we will. Some of us may wonder why we should militarize ourselves if we are going to be part of a peace league of nations after the war. Mr. Taft seems to vision such a peace league as one with Germany excluded. That

would hardly be a peace league. Rather it would be a war league. Some of us have doubt that we are now fighting for that sort of thing, for a peace that will incite Germany to another forty years of preparation to smash her enemies, real or imaginary. It does not appear that a country situated as we are, geographically, needs to become a nation in arms permanently. We can be a nation prepared for events in accord with the dictates of sane prudence, without transforming the country into a perpetual armed camp. The ex-president is not convincing. He thinks of the world after the war as a world criss-crossed by high protective-tariff walls. It is war he is looking for—separatism as distinct from co-operation; exclusivism, particularism as distinct from democracy. Of course we shall need universal compulsory military service to uphold that. Mr. Taft is in perfect character when he says that the opposition to his programme is based upon the desire of certain elements to bring about certain national and international social and economic reforms vaguely characterized as socialistic. Organized industry participant with capital in manufacture, housing schemes, land emancipation, class and professional and guild representation in government—all those things are more or less abhorrent to Mr. Taft, as we expect them to be from what we know of him. All such things must go by the board—everything that is a departure from the old Republican programme—and we must all be soldiers. We are willing to be soldiers now. But after the war we want to devote ourselves to perfecting this democracy of ours which the war has somewhat demoralized and dislocated. We shall need less rather than more militarism. We are fighting now to do away with that thing and not, certainly not, to fasten it upon ourselves. I note that many of the opponents of the Taft idea and proponents of social reconstruction are making a "drive" against Samuel Gompers because he does not come out for their various specialties, because he is only a union labor man. Such hypercriticism is all well enough, academically, but practically it is not good tactics. The thing that stands in the way of all social reform is what we may call Taftism. To that and especially to militarism Gompers is opposed and he leads the best, if not the only, organized opposition. Most Americans, I am quite sure, are with Gompers against many of the things the critics of Gompers so furiously favor. I should say they are against "guildism," the most conspicuous example of which is presented in the programme presented to the British Commons for the constitution of the senate of Ireland under home rule—archbishops, university professors, capitalists, other classes to dominate in numbers the men to be elected by all classes. Gompers is not as radical as he might be, but he is not a socialist and especially he is not a Prussian socialist. He is a trades unionist and that is class consciousness enough for him. And his trades unionism does not pray for a stalemate on the western front. He is for winning the war first, but not for protracting it as a trade war. He is with Wilson in contradistinction to Taft on the one hand and the superheated intellectuals on the other. He is not sitting on both sides of the table at once, with the jingoes and the tentative pacifists. Gompers and his men are the nucleus around which must gather the elements that are to defeat junkerism here. With most of what is good in the intellectual programme he is in sympathy, and to almost all of Taftism he is antagonistic. The drive against him is for the purpose of weakening him with his following. The result would be chaos in trades unionism and the defeat of the intellectuals in their best purposes. Should Gompers and his ideas be eliminated, Taftism would have a much better chance to attain its ends.

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A Political Suggestion

THE thought occurs to me that now would be a good time for radical democrats in Missouri to step out in front and assert themselves against the De-

mocracy that is only practical politics seeking jobs. Why should not Missourians who believe in little d rather than big D democracy get behind some man representing their opinions and aspirations and support him for United States senator at the primaries next August? Some man, for example, like Frank P. Walsh? He's the kind of democrat who has never had much of a show in Missouri. His democracy is the kind for which we are fighting to make the world safe. His works speak for him. But the organized Democratic party, the machine, has only dread and abhorrence of him. He would be a good man with whom to break the machine.

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The Submarine Problem Yet

WHAT of the German submarines? They have not been active of late. Their inactivity antedated the brilliant and daring exploit of the British navy in blocking the entrance to the nest at Zeebrugge and in doing the same thing partially at Ostend. The British admiralty has reported a diminishing number of sinkings by the enemy and an increasing number of sinkings and captures by the allied fleet. There have been such conditions in the submarine warfare before, but the lulls were always followed by outbursts of devastating offensives. Therefore some experts look for another submarine sortie very soon. They do not believe that all such craft have been bottled up at Zeebrugge and Ostend. Some German experts have said, vauntingly, that their undersea boats have deliberately refrained from attacking American transports of troops and supplies, but that is not credible, the truth being that the transports have escaped attack simply because they have been so carefully convoyed. There is a rumor that the Germans have built and will soon send out a number of superdreadnought submarines to operate in the outer seas, even, possibly, to visit destruction upon our Atlantic coast cities, but this rumor has died down since the Ostend and Zeebrugge raids and the blocking of the mouths of those harbors. It is none the less true however that naval authorities do not believe the submarine power of Germany is mastered. They look to an early recrudescence of its virulence and violence, and they are preparing for that contingency, and for meeting the menace during a protraction of the war. We have been told several times that the submarine was mastered, but it wasn't, as after-events proved. Now, it is said, there is debate in Washington upon the subject of changing the method of combatting the submarine. There are those who say that the money expended in building surface "destroyers" and "chasers" is wasted. What is needed is some form of submersible fighting craft with which to fight the u-boats, the idea being to destroy them rather than to chase them. The theory is that the way to fight submarines is with submarines, as the way to fight airplanes is with airplanes. Last August I wrote from Washington that there had been projected a new and formidable submersible craft that would do the business—a boat that would be equally effective on the water and under it, not a jitney submarine, but rather a submersible destroyer. It was designed by Mr. Frederick Upham Adams and I believe it has been approved by many naval specialists—some of them, even, in the Navy Department. Several big shipbuilders approve the theory of such a vessel and are sure it will work. But the Navy Department is institutionalized to a degree and doesn't take kindly to suggestions from outsiders. Maybe it doesn't like Mr. Frederick Upham Adams because it was largely due to his exposure of the muddling changing of Liberty motor specifications by the Signal Corps that the recent reorganization of the aircraft board was brought about. If we and the allies have been squandering millions on surface "destroyers" and "chasers" and the ultra-conservatives of the Navy Department are standing in the way of something better, the country should know it. The people are prepared to examine any plans and arguments Mr. Adams may have to offer in behalf of a submersible and a surface destroyer.

One thing is certain, anything Mr. Adams may say will be said in an interesting fashion. It may be that the German submarine is done for, but some of our authorities have thought that before. Maybe the operations at Ostend and Zeebrugge have bottled up all the tin fishes that have not been captured or sunk, but then again it may not be. We thought Liberty motors were being turned out at the rate of one hundred per day when there were none at all being turned out, for reasons Mr. Adams made convincingly plain in his articles in the *New York World*. The *MIRROR* invites Mr. Adams to come forward and substantiate the claims made for his new boat and show how and why the present system and means of fighting the enemy sub-sea craft are defective, wasteful and dangerous to our cause.

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The Subconscious Mind Again

By Margaret B. Downing

WHEN the subconscious mind gets to work, its antics, as a rule, may be traced to unknown writers who claim to have read and admired the productions of the arrived, so earnestly that they absorb and take unto themselves and without dishonest intention, words and deeds therein recorded. But rarely are the vagaries of the "sub" recorded in connection with an author already known to fame and fortune, though of course Stevenson and a few others offer such exceptions. This latest victim of literary hypnotism is none other than that master of diction and builder of fascinating plots, Alfred Edward Woodley Mason, more familiarly known to American readers as "A. E. W.," author of "Running Water," "The Turnstile" and many short tales and plays.

Read "The Crystal Trench" in the May *Metropolitan*, and then get Vol. XXVII of the *Century Magazine* and turn to page 146, "Mrs. Knollys," signed by "J. S. of Dale," author of "Guerndale."

"J. S. of Dale" happens to be the Honorable Frederic Jesup Stimson of Dedham, Mass., serving since 1914 as ambassador from this country to the Argentine Republic. Mr. Mason is a big-wig, even for a British author, for he is in easy financial circumstances apart from the considerable royalties from his works, being the son of the late William Mason of Everleigh, Dulwich, is a F. R. G. S. member of the Garrick, an officer of the Royal Highland Yacht club, director of the Alpine and of the Oban clubs, and for several years M. P. for Coventry. But despite all this glory and that he mingles in terms of everyday acquaintance with the mighty of official and literary London, no one anticipates international complications because he has claimed as his own the scene, the action and the very *dramatis personae* of a story published in November, 1883, by the American ambassador to Buenos Ayres.

Appraising the entities of the short tale, and aside from the fact of telling it first, Mr. Stimson has attained a more satisfactory result, has in fact written a better, stronger and more satisfying account of an occurrence which Alpine guides of an older generation delighted to tell with a bewildering latitude of detail. His story is clear and pure as the cruel ice of the glacier, the *motif* of the narrative. Mr. Mason has yielded to the demand for the salacious, no matter how inartistically edged in. But to the tale, since the two versions are but one theme and thirty-five years have elapsed since the publication of the first.

A bride and groom have chosen the Alps as the scene of the honeymoon. Mr. Stimson calls his twain Charles and Mary Knollys; Mr. Mason, his Mark and Stella Forbisher. The great Pasterzen glacier is the scene of Mr. Stimson's tragedy, the Weisshorn in the Pennine Alps, of Mr. Mason's. Charles, accompanied by Mary, spent three happy days among the Alpine roses and rhododendron

bushes, gazing at the snowy peaks and the bright little mirror of a lake at their feet. Then Charles Knollys, crossing with his bride the lower portion of the Pasterzen glacier, slipped into a crevasse and vanished utterly from the face of the earth. According to Mr. Mason, making ready for the salacious, Mark Forbisher has left his bride at Zermatt while he and a friend attempt without guides to climb the Weisshorn in the Pennine Alps—without guides because they considered the Alpine club a lot of fogies. Mark dies of exhaustion on the ridge while his companion, reinforced by an experienced climber, hastens to get a rescue party. The body of Mark slips during the rescue and plunges into the crevasse of the Schalliberg glacier.

In both versions friends come out to care for the bereaved young brides and return with them to England—Mary to her old home in Surrey and Stella to Dorset. But before Mary's departure she had come to know a glacial authority, one Herr Doktor Zimmermann, who is engaged on a series of computations on the momentum of this colossal mass of ice, a thesis to contravene the theory of Spluthner who holds that the glacier was immovable. Mary learns that the professor has tested the glacier's flow and that in five and forty years, date and hour given, at the base of the Pasterzen, her husband's body would come out of the ice and be restored to her. So she lives only to clasp her Charles in her arms, lives her five and forty years bravely and usefully. Stella rebuilds her world and likewise lives a brave and useful life. She has consulted an eminent British authority on glaciers and has been told that her beloved Mark will emerge from the snout of the Holblight glacier in exactly twenty-four years. The distinguished Cambridge don, Professor Kersley, named even the month, the day, the hour. And so Stella put away any other love and settled down for her vigil of a quarter of a century. No thought of a successor to Charles mars the pathos of Mr. Stimson, but as remarked before, his is a simpler and more poignant story. Mary Knollys keeps the tryst. She sees first what seems a ghost, a face in the grave, azure twilight, framed with Charles' shining hair, lighted by his deep, tender eyes, as they looked when he kissed her, just before he slipped. At dawn with the guide, she is there and the sun lights up the cavern and shows her Charles, safe in the clear ice and unharmed, young and handsome. He has not shared her sixty years of travail, he is the boy of twenty-one in his quaint coat, of a fashion long gone out, with his yellow hair and beard and his clear blue eyes and the bride, bent, feeble, wrinkled, her snowy hair blowing on the veil of ice between them, struggles to clasp him to her heart. And the picture of their graves side by side in Surrey is a satisfying one. She had kept the vigil and brought him at last to sleep among his kindred.

Mr. Mason's tale gets into all sorts of complications, not the least, a scientific one. For Stella lives the twenty-four years and with her companion at the hotel in Zermatt, her suitor during these years, she is at the Holblight glacier on the day appointed. She sees much the same vision as Mary Knollys, but Mr. Mason takes much longer to tell about it and the presence of Mark's would-be successor destroys the pathos. The body comes to full view in the crystal clear ice, a youth of twenty-one, not a line about his mouth, his eyes as clear, his face as smooth and handsome as the day of the tragedy and above hover the aging, care-worn bride, stooped and tired with the heavy burden of the years. But when the remains have been cut from the ice they crumble into dust and naught remains but a gold locket which falls from the vanishing frame. And the locket contains the face of a staring, vulgar girl, not Stella, and suggests things more unpleasant than the landlady's version in the early part of the tale that Mark Forbisher did not look like a man to be trusted. Whether Stella puts two and two together later, and marries her faithful attendant is not clear, but Mr. Stimson's is without question a finer and more virile tale. His opening and closing paragraphs are almost classic in

their clear-cut function of prologue and epilogue and I cannot refrain from quoting them:

"The great Pasterzen glacier rises in western Austria and flows into Carinthia and is fourteen or seventeen miles long as you measure it from its birth in the snow field or where it begins to move from the higher snows. . . . It flows in a straight, steady sweep, a grand avenue guarded by giant mountains, steep and wide, a prototype of the giants' stairway in Venice. No known force can block its way; what falls upon it moves with it, what lies beneath, moves with it—down to the polished surface of the earth's frame laid bare. No blade of grass grows so slowly as it moves, no meteor in the air is so irresistible. Its substance curls freely, molds and breaks itself like water—breaks in waves plastic like honey, created lightly with a frozen spray; it winds tenderly about the rocky shore and the granite disintegrated into crumbles, flows on with it. All this so quietly that busy, officious little Man lived a score of thousand years before he noticed even that the glacier moved."

And the closing paragraph, after the immortal hope held out that Mary and Charles have been united in a land where they live in youth forever:

"Meantime, the Pasterzen glacier moves and the rocks with it; and the mountain flings his shadow of the planets in its face."

Reading this tale and some of the earlier efforts of "J. S. of Dale," one is almost tempted to regret that Mr. Stimson allowed law and diplomacy to intervene and that he definitely gave up fiction writing years ago. That is, of course, if one forgets that this same "J. S. of Dale" has recently had published through Charles Scribner's Sons, a brilliant and amazingly illusioning imaginative autobiography of no less a person than Benedict Arnold, in which that typical traitor reveals his gifts and his meanness of soul with an almost terrifying *naïveté*—"My Story, a Memoir for Benedict Arnold, late Major-General in the Continental Army and Brigadier General in that of his Britannic Majesty." Now what explanation has Mr. Mason or the editor of the *Metropolitan* to offer the distinguished ambassador at Buenos Ayres or to the editors of the *Century*?

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Washington

By Michael Fane

The Heart of Things

AFTER Mark Sullivan, Sam Blythe, Julian Street and other well-known impressionists have published columns of comment on the newer Washington it is difficult for an average writer to make any observations that are worth printing. But there are many things here for any plain observer "for to admire and for to see." Washington is not now a city of magnificent distances but it is still a city of magnificent impressions. The wheels of the machinery of government work smoothly and noiselessly. One hears them no more in the engagements of a perfect day than one hears, while parading the upper decks of an ocean liner, the clashing of the engines below. Time was when visitors to Washington sought out a congressman or a senator from the home state and felt honored with the graciously-proffered pass for the visitors' gallery at either end of the capital. But that time is no more. The activities of the government have now become so large that the majority of people who come to Washington never visit the capitol and while pursuing their separate ways among the departments, the branches and sub-branches thereof, and the new boards, commissions and the like, wonder, seeing so much real work being done, so many thousands of people as busily engaged as bees in a hive, if anything is really going on up on the hill, under the big dome.

Catch-as-catch-can Eating

For the one big thing that strikes a stranger in Washington now, as compared with impressions previously formed, is its activity; its rush and bustle; its concentrated energy. Everyone, everywhere, seems to be busy. I heard a story the other day

of an American soldier in France who was asked by a correspondent what picture of the United States was mostly in his mind. The answer was "A Child's restaurant." I'm inclined to think that I should make the same reply if I were asked what is the dominating picture in my mind of Washington. For it is in the collar-and-elbow eating places that one gets a true impression of present-day Washington. At all hours these serve-selves are black with people. To glance into one at a meal hour is to receive some such impression as is given by the sight of a piece of sticky fly-paper that has lain long enough in one place to be covered over with its dead. Except for the fact that if you stop long enough to take a good look at the swarms you will see there is movement in them. How those who enter manage to get forward to the food supply, secure their provender and find a place to sit down and eat is a mystery, for there appear to be more people going in at all times than coming out.

An Ill-Governed Capital

Take the street railway service, for instance: The crowds during the "peak hours" of a fair day are pretty well taken care of, although there is much crowding and discomfort. But let there be a snow-storm or a fall of rain and one is obliged to wait the better part of an hour until a car comes along that will afford a foothold. One of the writers mentioned above has spoken of Washington as a place where an effort is being made to pour a quart of water into a pint cup. This is especially true of the street railway service when put to a severe strain. I am convinced that one-half of the people here walk to and from their working places. There has been no increase in the number of cars and no betterment of the service since the day the young gentleman in Sarajevo plugged the Austrian arch-duke and set the world afire. Which reminds me to observe that Washington, the center of government in this free country, is a fine example of taxation without representation. The people of Washington, the people who live here as people live elsewhere, who get born here, who have never lived elsewhere, and who expect to remain here till they pass out, have no say whatever as to their local government. Such a street railway service as we have here would bring howls of protest in any other city, but the channels of effective kicking, open to the citizens of other communities in the United States, the mayor, the city council, the public service department, and so on, are closed to Washingtonians. The district commissioners, appointed by congress, are infected with the congressional apathy and view with complacency municipal inefficiencies that would stir even the slackest officials in like communities in the states, to use a perfectly good, though foreign, expression. With one exception the newspapers are engaged in larger discussions, the world war, prohibition, national and state politics and the like. The city in which they live, move and have their being seems to be an organism the functioning of which they are not really concerned about.

Homeless Town

Then there is the housing problem. After the girls who had been induced to come to Washington as typists, stenographers and so on began to arrive in such numbers as to exhaust the possibilities of comfortable housing, and had to sleep on the travelers' benches of the Union Station, an effort was made to organize associations to secure rooms for them. As a result everyone who has a spare room has rented it to the newly-arrived government employee. But now it has come to a point where the government must do something. In Washington a citizen must always look to the government, imponderable and majestic in its movements, for municipal relief. And so congress is wrestling with a housing bill. Washington's needs are being included with those of the various cantonments in a bill carrying a \$60,000,000 appropriation, \$10,000,000 of which is to be used for the accommodation of government employees in Washington. There are to be

30,000 new employees added to the number now here, but what is to be done with them is a very serious question. If there were a city government, with officers directly responsible to the people, something could be done and would be done in time to help the situation here materially. But how the government is going to manage it is not entirely clear. It presents a really serious problem, for many people who are now needed cannot be brought here because of the inadequacy of housing requirements. This operates against the "speeding up" that the country is demanding.

The Landlord Gets His

Of course the main subject of conversation with the newly-arrived is rent profiteering. The dollar-a-year men think nothing of paying from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year for a furnished house. A good get-rich-quick formula is here presented: Buy a house for about \$10,000, put in \$1,500 in improvements and decorations and \$1,500 in furnishings and advertise for a tenant. Rental \$500 a month. It will be rented to a good tenant within twenty-four hours. The investment can be recovered in a little over two years. A furnished apartment of four to six rooms may be had, according to location, for from \$150 to \$500 a month. There is no possibility of securing an unfurnished apartment until October, the period of re-leasing. Old houses that ordinarily stand as empty memorials to past grandeur have "come in" beautifully for their owners or the agents who have leased them. The cost of furniture is about three times what it is elsewhere, for the reason that the demand has been enormous and the supply is limited by freight embargoes. One might suppose that furniture from one's home city might be removed here. But again there are no freight cars to be had, or, if there should be, the time of their arrival would be some remote, far-off period, so uncertain as to destroy all calculations. The simplest way to secure a home in Washington is to buy a house and take a chance that at the end of the war there may be a demand for it sufficiently strong to secure a price at least one-half in amount of the total paid now. Then set up furniture as one may be able to secure it and settle down to such comfort as may follow. The renting field is now exhausted and the selling period has arrived, with the consequence that everyone here who owns a house reads with feverish interest the swelling lists of real estate transfers.

The Rack-Renters

A rent-profiteering bill has been introduced in congress, and has passed the house, but it is being fought bitterly by the "unseen influences" of Washington landlords. A law is sadly needed, for the unfortunate result of the rent-hogging practices is that the native Washingtonian must face at the end of his present leasing period a doubling or tripling of his rental. The landlords who house the government workers, the masses generally, are serving rent-increase notices on their tenants. A man who pays \$30 a month for rental is asked \$75, say, a modest raise. Complaint is made that this is extortionate. The landlord rejoins that this is a very modest demand as he has been offered \$100 a month for the premises, and nothing but consideration for an old tenant restrains him from asking more. Eventually some sort of legislation will be passed by congress but it would appear now as if it would be a case of calling in the surgeon after the patient has bled to death.

A Municipal Anomaly

To one who has always been interested in the subject of municipal government the government of Washington, now become a big and hustling city, is a joke. It is so archaic as to be in a class with the pterodactyl. There appears to be here no municipal consciousness. But how can there be where there is no citizenship? I have just finished reading a history of the origin and government of the District of Columbia, by William Tindall. The territory of the District was ceded by the state of Maryland.

One reads that the national capital was removed at one time from Philadelphia because of the congress being overawed by mobs of unpaid soldiers. And one discovers that some of the great founders of the government determined that the government should never be placed in a city that had voters because of the fact that said voters might unduly influence the politics of the government. At the time of these profound conclusions Philadelphia was the largest city in the country with a population of about 50,000 and there were fewer people in the United States as a whole than there are now in New York city. In Missouri there are 114 counties "and the city of St. Louis," the people of St. Louis having at the time their charter was written determined to become independent of county government. It seems to me that the nation could consist of forty-nine states, or whatever the number may be, and the District of Columbia, if it were desirable to hitch the 10-square-mile city of Washington to the states, to satisfy some of the objections to a change, but there is no reason why the District of Columbia and the city of Washington should not be organized as a free city, independent of state government, with a charter for local self-government from the congress direct. Until this is done, or the like, Washington will never be able to realize itself as a city. As a congressional dependency it is a total failure.

One-Third Negro

About one-third of the resident population of Washington is Negro. It is a worthy element, an element that makes for excellent domestic service, that furnishes agreeable and contented labor, that is in the main polite, attentive, industrious, sober and faithful. The Negroes are paid well and they live well, in such sections of the city as they have settled in. They go to church and send their children to the public schools, produce their own professional people and seek happiness along the lines of least resistance to them. They are substantial and, apparently, thrifty, for they are well dressed and well behaved. Some of the gentlemen up-on-the-hill shudder at the idea of giving these Washingtonians a vote. These statesmen should be compelled to live for a while in some industrious northern city where there is a proportionately large Negro population and learn to overcome a prejudice of that kind.

A Southern Accent

Which reminds me that so far as the watchers at the gateways of the halls of congress, the public servants at the capital, the doortenders and clerks therein, and in fact the persons assigned to the duty of furnishing information to the public in every department of the government that I have come in contact with are concerned, one hears ever the soft and drawing cadences of the speech of the south. It is well. For these gentlemen and ladies of the south are ever polite and courteously attentive. It is a pleasure to ask information of them for it appears to be a pleasure to them to furnish it, and to furnish it carefully and with particularity, as also to converse at ease should it happen that you desire to make an observation. They are not hurried, or to be hurried. They do not speak in staccato ebullitions as do those who are charged, in our northern and western cities, with the duty of meeting and caring for strangers. Nothing is left to the imagination in the replies of the public servants who have invaded Washington from the homes of the Democratic statesmen of the south. The replies are complete, explicit and charming to the ear, with the dropped "r's" and the frequent additions of "sir" and "madam." The rush and bustle of the newer Washington have not as yet affected these servants who represent the captors of Democratic spoils.

The Little Courtesies

In Washington, if a female enters a public elevator, all masculine hats come off. There is no differentiation as between elevators in warehouses or office buildings and those in apartment houses or hotels. I have seen an office building elevator full

of solemn-looking business men doff their headwear at the entrance of a girl telegraph messenger. In Washington barbers are hair-dressers. In the north and west we are accustomed to see a sign on apartment houses reading, "All deliveries at the rear." In Washington the sign reads: "Tradesmen and servants go to rear entrance." In Washington advertisements of houses for sale one reads in house-descriptions: "Five master bedrooms and two servant bedrooms." In Washington elderly ladies still signal street railway motormen from the curb and proceed leisurely to the car steps for entrance, while the car doors slam and the car shoots ahead, leaving them in a daze gazing speechlessly after. And may it be said to the credit of Washington men that it is their practice, almost invariably, to offer their seats to women or to see that all women passengers are seated before seating themselves. All gracious reminders of the stately and leisurely days now gone, doubtless forever.

Women in War Work

The flaneur in Washington would say that at least two-thirds of the population are women. This is true of the street crowds, of audiences in theatres and passengers in street cars. At concerts and motion-picture performances a man is a rare sight. I saw a brightly-lighted dance hall one evening in the second story of a huge building that had originally been a skating rink and went up to see what might be seen. An immense floor space, covering perhaps two acres, was filled with girls and women seated closely together at typewriters, working furiously, their desks thick with official papers. As usual in departments here two men in blue uniform guarded the entrance. I made inquiries, the while amazed at the unusual exhibition of industry. This, I was told, was a branch of the war insurance department. It was impossible to estimate the number of women working. There must have been nearly a thousand. It might be observed here that the government employee receives no extra pay for overtime. The work is hard and exacting. I was talking a few evenings ago with a man who sells time-recorders. I remarked that he must be doing a thriving business considering the great number of departments and employees. "Well, it's just the other way around," he replied. "The pay of employees is fixed at so much per month. They have a half-hour at noon for luncheon and have to work at night frequently. If you put a time clock on those people they'd all quit. Every department needs employees and the chiefs have to handle those they have with gloves." While the girls who come here have a change from home surroundings, the work is hard and the hours long. A great deal has been said as to the cost of rooms and board. The practice generally is for two or four girls to room together. The average cost of a room for these girls is \$35 a month, with breakfast. Luncheon and dinner are taken at a serve-self and the total cost easily runs to \$1 a day. After laundry and similar necessary expenses have been deducted but little is left of the \$100-a-month salary.

Statesmen to the Rear

The hotels are all crowded to the limit and the corridors no longer teem with the picturesque-looking statesmen of former days, with their silk hats, waistcoats opened at the top and flowing ties. The silk hat now seems to be reserved entirely for cabinet members and ambassadors. The politicians who used to lounge about the hotels do not appear to be in evidence any longer. In their place one sees snappy-looking, smartly-dressed business men, presumably those who have been impressed into war service for the good of the country, or who are here to furnish reports as to the progress made on war contracts. Washington hotels are not now distinctive. They resemble all other hotels now that all hotels have become standardized. The habits have all become standardized also. Save for the officers in uniform, and the uniformed foreigners here, with their brilliant colors and their imposing show of leather and

gold, the crowds in the hotel lobbies look much as they do in first-class hotels anywhere in the country.

And Beauty Over All

But with all its rush and bustle, and accessions of modernity, Washington is still a beautiful city. In this bright spring weather, looking over it from the steps of the capitol, it stands before you, clean-washed and brilliant. And as you walk about the city and view its many "circles," with their bronzed celebrities resting on their massive, enduring pedestals, or through its well-paved and well-lighted streets, observing the mansions of the plutocrats who have come here from all over the Union to live, the embassies, and the old homes now turned into offices of this or that particular board, department or commission; the towering apartment houses, ornate and imposing; the frequently-occurring parks and grassy triangles; the monumental public structures, you feel a pride in this great capital, a metropolis which has now become and is to remain a great world center; a city that will probably become the most important in the world hereafter. Here are gathered all the forces of our government. On this city is focussed the eyes not only of this nation but of all nations. The wireless masts that one sees across the Potomac flash messages over seas and continents, messages that bear hope and comfort to the oppressed and down-trodden of all the earth. The great column that bears the name of the first President lifts itself to the skies aspiringly and the dome of the capitol bulks gracefully against the horizon. Altogether there is a good deal about Washington as a city that is elevating and inspiring.



Carrying On

By Harry B. Kennon

MARY ELLEN DOYLE, born Callahan, widow of Patrick, is sixty-one years of age, white-haired and wrinkled—an old woman; but the spring of Mrs. Doyle's plump body as she steps about her country store, her quick response to everything coming or going, her humorous glances and mobile lips, all deny her years and picture Mary Ellen, the vivacious beauty of Patrick's wooing—the girl with wavy, blue-black hair, flax flower eyes, and a two-edged tongue sharp for hurting or healing. The widow of Pat Doyle carries the Mary Ellen soul of her as blithely as she carried her first child.

A chapter of our national romance worth the telling that: Doyle's adventuring to America and the then far northwest to win prosperity among the rock-castled hills of Wisconsin; the man's keeping Mary Ellen in his heart until he could send word overseas for her to come and join him—or did he sail back for his dear desire? Mrs. Doyle never said, nor did she tell of the years of hard work shared with Patrick until three years ago when he died, leaving her a fine farm, a well-stocked store in nearby Doyletown, and six children. What Mrs. Doyle said, without the music of her way of saying it, when confronted with a past due account for adjustment, was something like this:

"No, we DoYLES aren't broke if I am behind an' slow. Holy Mother, is it so much! An' that old, I'm shamed by the sight of it. 'Tis good of you to come an' settle before it died of livin', like Doyle's mother, leavin' nothin' but her weddin' ring we buried with her. Not that that's excusin' me for bein' too distracted heart and hand to balance my books. What'd you do with two helpin' sons in the war an' you kissin' the last good-bye at La Crosse Monday mornin'? Would you worry about money except to spend it? Now what did I do with the check-book! An' there's my oldest daughter two years in the sanitarium an' the other at college in Madison. Which costs me most, I don't know. My young-one's with the sisters in the convent, an' that's more comfort to me than the sisters—she's

that wild. How I'm to run the farm an' the store with my three boys gone, God knows."

"You can't carry on even the store without help," I sympathized, while Mrs. Doyle rummaged for her check-book on her disorderly desk, orderly only to its owner.

"I couldn't but for Doyle's lone sister that lost her chance of a man when she had it. She's at mass now with my Mike for his last first Friday. You'll not look at her twice when you do, poor thing; but she's willin'. An' there's men willin' too, but they ain't my boys—nor DoYLES. There's one or so willin' to take all off my hands, if I'd consent to let the priest change Doyle's name on the sign outside. I tell them to talk to Doyle's sister, who's deaf. I got a tenant for my farm Ignatius worked, a German. Most farmers round are Germans or Norwegians—an' rich. He'll get more out of the land than Doyle did, since Irish came with the railroad an' made the town. No, we're not dry, not by ten votes—the same ten at two elections. Some other man must have got thirsty since Doyle quit votin'. He was lonesome first among these foreigners; but they're good neighbors, if they don't all think like Doyle did. Nobody could think like Doyle, not Doyle himself. He was that quick thinkin' an' quick sayin' you knew he wasn't thinkin' when he said it. Wait a minute. 'Tis Mrs. Schwartz."

Mrs. Doyle moved briskly across the store towards the waiting customer. "Yes, Mrs. Schwartz," I heard her say, "there's wheat flour to be had, fifty-fifty with cornmeal or whatever. You're bakin' white bread for Easter, you say—an', why not? There's other days for fastin'. An' is that all, yes? Let's see—ten dozen eggs. That's three dollars comin' to you from the hens, good luck to them. An' the flour out, that's—. Leave it till next week, is it? Bring in all the eggs you can, Mrs. Schwartz, an' some butter. Here's some fine percales just in. Tell your daughter. Here, take a bit off the piece to show Minnie what she's wantin' while it lasts. 'Tis well the roads ain't worse, though warm rain's needful for plantin'. Schwartz is most ready, you say? Tell him not to be buryin' his seed in frost the year—it's high an' hard to get. Yes, Mrs. Schwartz, everything's high."

Mrs. Doyle returned to her desk, seemingly forgetful of my business or her check-book, as she settled herself in her chair. "Mrs. Schwartz is one of Doyle's best customers," she said, "good as gold. 'Tis hard for her with two brothers fightin' in Germany, an' folks sayin' her man is socialist. Whether he is so, I'm not askin'. He pays Doyle's what he owes, an' that steady. He ain't been in here since it might be February, when he was there by the stove an' a fresh young travelin' man came in. There was more trade in the store, Germans an' others, an' I had no time for the boy. But he was that persistent he spread out his samples an' tried to make me buy of him."

"They wasn't made in Germany, Mrs. Doyle," he says, thinkin' I'd like it."

"If they was made in heaven, I'd not buy to-day, I told him."

"An' when he saw packin' up again was his trouble an' none of mine, he commenced entertainin' me with abuse of Wisconsin Germans, sayin' things about Socialists an' Milwaukee, an' gettin' madder an' madder with himself while he got madder at Germans—talkin' like Doyle used to talk about English. He couldn't know what he said of my neighbors an' customers was true, if it was true—an' it wasn't all lies he said, only Doyle's store was no place to say it. I noticed the men round my stove gettin' restless, an' Schwartz scowlin'; an' nobody here to keep peace but Doyle's sister that can't hear, poor thing, an' me that didn't want to. So I says:

"Young man, you're goin' the wrong way to sell goods in Wisconsin or anywheres. You're huntin' trouble callin' our folks traitors because they can't

think like you talk. Lots of these Wisconsin Germans are Irish an' Norwegians, an' we ain't got schoolin' like some city drummers that ought to be drafted. I'm Irish an' I'm American, an' days I'm more Irish. 'Tis so with American Germans, an' everybody. My talk don't hurt any an' theirs don't, leavin' us to get it out of us an' go on with our farmin'. It's lads like you, goin' round with terrifyin' suspicions, an' makin' folks hate you that don't hate America at all, that raises riots. An' then," continued Mary Ellen Callahan Doyle, her blue eyes twinkling, "I introduced the young idiot to Zimmerman, my tenant, who's havin' a time gettin' farm hands because of his son an' son-in-law goin' to France. Zimmerman hates the Kaiser like he hates the devil in hell, but I didn't see him wastin' affection on that drummer. Folks warrin' with their mouths don't help any. An' the check-book here in my apron pocket the while we've been talkin'," laughed Mrs. Doyle in surprising conclusion.

"Well, I'm glad we're even," remarked the widow tendering her check, "an' maybe I'll be orderin' more goods of your salesman when he comes, just to keep in debt to the house an' comfortable. Here's my boy back from mass. Doyle's sister will be stayin' wearin' out St. Mary's floor with her knees till night, an' me keepin' store for her sins an' my own. 'Tis the age of her, like Doyle's old mother. Mike, come shake hands with the gentleman. . . . I'm forgettin' the name . . . my own'll go next. Talk to him while I'm waitin' on Mr. Oleson."

"I'll take care of Oleson," offered the well set-up soldier boy.

"You will not—an' he greasin' the whole front of you. Are you askin' the agent if the La Crosse train is comin' before or after, Monday mornin'?"

"No change, mother; she comes through at four-thirty."

"An' the clock an' hour ahead of itself!" exclaimed the widow, now half-way across the store.

"Dont' try for it," remonstrated the boy, and I sensed manly shyness in his desire to take leave of his mother at home rather than among his companions at the crowded railway station—shyness and shrinking from facing his first tough battle of parting.

"It will take no tryin'," came Mrs. Doyle's quick reply. "There'll be a hot bite for you Monday, an' Doyle's sister left to tend trade, poor thing. Why wouldn't I be secin' the last of you like Pat and Ignatius that went before? Or is it Minnie Schwarz you'd rather be secin' at the end? An' now," said Mary Ellen Doyle, born Callahan, as cheerfully as though piling years and perplexities were but froth afloat on untroubled waters, "now, Mr. Oleson, what is it you will be wantin'?"

♦♦♦♦

Woman, the Savior

By Elizabeth Simpkins

MR. BENJAMIN KIDD is a distinguished member of a small class of intellectual dramatists who, by their selection and handling of general ideas, have exercised considerable influence upon certain levels of public opinion in matters of social and political import. His "Social Evolution" published nearly a quarter-of-a-century ago achieved a wide though brief renown by an interesting appeal to the current reaction against "rationalism," and by flattering the "Teutonic" races by stressing their superior social efficiency. A reconciliation of science and religion was a keenly felt want, and Mr. Kidd's recipe gave satisfaction to many. His more pretentious volume, "Principles of Western Civilization," fell flat, the constant reiteration of a handful of generalities, ill-grounded in history, failing to carry conviction.

Some of the defects of his earlier works are visible in this last work, "The Science of Power" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). There is the same

overstraining of antithesis, the same air of dramatic revelation, the same assiduous fondling of a few telling phrases, the constant repetition of the same thoughts in the same language. But we hasten to say that the substance of Mr. Kidd's argument is far more valuable than that of either of his earlier books. Though he is not entitled to rank as a discoverer of the truth he discloses, he acts as a skilled middleman in rendering them to a public which likes them served up with a certain air of pontifical importance.

Modern western civilization, as Mr. Kidd sees it, has given in this war a supreme exhibition of its inherent viciousness, its attempt to seek progress along the lines of individual instead of genuinely social integration. By this he means that a distinctively man-moulded world has directed itself to the achievement of short-range, selfish, individual ends by relying upon force. The danger in earlier ages was modified by some recognition of Christian ideals. But during the last half-century or so, contentious methods of conduct have been fortified by biological and sociological theories, representing the struggle between man and man, class and class, race and race, as the only path to survival and progress. Darwinism became a false sanction for pugnacity, avarice, pride of caste and race, and for the dissolvent and anti-social policies of Militarism, Imperialism, Capitalism, and State-absolutism. Man relied upon selfish views, which shortened not only political and economic aims, but degraded literature, art, and even religion itself.

At the root of all this trouble lay the false doctrine that all civilization depended upon the selection and rejection of inborn heredity in individuals, and that only by improving these inborn qualities is progress possible. Hence the hope of the world lay in eugenics and the extirpation of bad individual and racial stock. This doctrine, Mr. Kidd contends, is absolutely false. Inborn heredity is a negligible factor as compared with social heredity, by which latter he means chiefly the mental and moral equipment of society known as culture. This culture is the seat and instrument of power, and this power is so immeasurably great that it is capable in a single generation of transforming the character of a whole nation. Hitherto we have failed to recognize and use this power. But modern Germany and modern Japan have given striking examples of the existence of this power by its abuse. But what is this power? Mr. Kidd answers: "It is the emotional power of the ideal." Germany has incarnated this ideal in the omnipotent and absolute state, the be all and end all for the individual citizen. What method did they use to mobilize this power? Their schools and colleges, their churches, literature, and art, the perversion of history and philosophy to the single purpose of a powerful state.

To educate ideals in the mind of the young is the most potent means of transforming characters and moulding public sentiment. But if this power is to be made available for true purposes of social integration, it must be exercised by persons who are by nature social and forward-looking in the interests of the race. Woman, not man, therefore, is the true repository of emotional power, for she is the guardian of the larger interests of the race, and it is to her that we must look for the task of saving civilization from the excesses of "the fighting male," whose combative disposition misdirects every institution and every activity. "The elemental hunger of civilization at the present moment is for a public opinion able to subordinate the present to the future—for a public opinion, that is to say, which would express through the collective will just the qualities which are here described as reaching in woman their highest expression."

This bold line of interpretation and aspiration is, indeed, opportune. But it has difficulties. One great claim of the feminist movement is for more individuality and less subordination to the long-range interests of the species. Again, in woman's past there

has been very little consciousness of any "emotion of the ideal," or of renunciation for any other than closely personal ends. It may be, as Mr. Kidd contends, that "woman, as a sex, will reveal the same power of devotion to ideals, to causes, as she does to persons." But it cannot be assumed with any certainty that the creative and conservative drive of maternity is thus transmutable to the purpose of a social ideal, and capable of so transforming the collective will as to produce the changes which Mr. Kidd thinks are attainable within a single generation by the new emotional culture.

♦♦♦♦

The Secret of Sex

FULLY thirty years have passed since first the noted British expert, Doctor E. Rumley Dawson, began to study the vexed question of the causation of sex in the human family. It will be remembered, observes *The Journal of Heredity*, that some eighteen years ago Doctor Dawson propounded an original and simple theory of the subject. He held and, as his latest investigations show, he still holds that the sex of the child depends solely upon which ovary supplies the ovum fertilized. If the ovum comes from the right ovary, the child is a boy. If the ovum comes from the left ovary, the child is a girl.

The father, according to the Dawson hypothesis, has no influence in determining the sex of the future child, nor have any of the countless old and new recipes for the production of a child of a specified sex.

An enormous amount of controversy has raged around this theory of the causation of sex and it seemed at one time that the weight of evidence did not support it. This impression must be modified, apparently, for Doctor Dawson has just given to the world of heredity and eugenics a mass of statistical observations which seem to eugenicists of note to alter the balance in favor of the theory. Doctor Dawson has not been satisfied with material drawn from his own experience. He has consulted the ablest gynecological specialists in the interpretation of his facts. So completely is his theory borne out by the weight of evidence that one very conservative organ of the physicians and surgeons of England, the *British Medical Journal*, has recently declared that Doctor Dawson makes out a case that can be answered only by a fresh series of investigations on the part of experts. The evidence is for the most part highly technical but it may be said in simple language that no physiological fact now known renders the Dawson hypothesis untenable and that it fits every detail in the data accumulated up to and including last year.

Doctor Dawson, in view of his latest evidence, feels justified in elaborating his theory to the extent of predicting the sex of coming children unless he is dealing with a first birth. Doctor Dawson affirms that the ovaries ovulate alternately. Here again he is supported by a considerable body of freshly-gathered evidence. Doctor Dawson claims ninety-seven per cent of successes in his predictions of the sex of unborn children. Naturally, there are limitations in the making of such forecasts. The organ of the British medical profession remarks:

"It is clear that Dr. Dawson's theories are ambitious, for they offer solutions of problems attacked by medical men and biologists again and again, at any rate since the time of Hippocrates. But are his solutions correct? This question is merely one of fact, and the answer will depend only upon the evidence afforded by the collection of observations. Thus valuable evidence for or against his view that the right ovary produces male ova and the left female could be collected at Caesarean operations: the sex of the child could be compared with the site of the ovarian corpus luteum. Similar evidence could be collected in the post-mortem room."

From *Current Opinion*.

The Summer Home Beautiful

—Within and Without

What housewife is not enthused over the arrangement of her home for the Summer months? It's such a pleasure to select the draperies and furnishings that impart cheerfulness, especially where there is such an immense variety as we are now showing.

Cretonnes are just as much a part of Summer as green leaves and nasturtiums—and oh what a bewildering array to choose from, designs and colorings for every possible use.

Rugs are very important and the new Summer ones are unusually pretty. The different kinds displayed afford selection of the correct one for your particular requirements.

The new Scotch Madras Curtains are ideal for Summer, so light and airy, and the new Colored-striped Snowflake Overdrapes are most effective.

Our showing of Summer Furniture is immense this season and includes such wonderfully attractive pieces, some specially designed for use in the sun parlor, living-room, bedroom and veranda. Some of this furniture is richly stained and upholstered, other pieces give opportunity for decoration according to your own ideas.



Our Art Shop—always a fascinating place—is just brimful of the most artistic and interesting pieces for home decoration.

Wicker Lamps with cretonne-lined shades in the ivory finish that does not soil easily—both for table and floor use. A pretty little Desk Lamp of wicker is priced \$6.

What an attractive touch a Wicker Bird Cage gives to a room. With stand, \$11.50; without, \$4.50.

Picture the beauty of a Wicker Hanging Basket—chain and all of wicker—filled with beautiful artificial or natural flowers. Price \$4.50 for the basket. Flowers at various prices.

A Wicker Tray will be needed to complete the Summer equipment of your home or veranda. The

new ones are so bright and cheery, priced according to size at \$3.50 to \$7.50.

If you are planning to spend many pleasant hours on the veranda this Summer you'll surely want one of our Combination Card and Tea Tables. Just as useful as artistic. Turn over the felt-covered top and you have an enameled wicker tray of bright hue.

If you have a lawn or garden you can greatly enhance its beauty by the proper placing of a quarried stone Bench or Sundial Pedestal, an Art-crete Bird Bath or Bay Tree Urn.

Your garden will be admired by every passer-by if you will set up a Rustic Summer House or Swing such as we are showing. Then there are the canopy-top Swings that are quite popular.

Everything imaginable to make the home beautiful within and without—things that we'll take pleasure in showing you.

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

Letters From the People

Seattle's Quiz Congress

PIGGOTT PRINTING CONCERN
83 PIKE STREET

Seattle Wash., April 13, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

A friend sends me a copy of the MIRROR of March 19 containing mention of the organization of the Seattle Quiz Congress and giving me credit for originating the idea. Perhaps additional detailed information would be of interest to your readers.

The circumstances were these: Seattle in common with other American cities had farmed out the exclusive occupancy of its principal streets to a street railway company which, neglecting its contractual obligation to give service, was using them chiefly for the purposes of stock gambling and speculation. New franchises for extensions were being granted from month to month.

In 1908 I organized a Direct Legislation League which, by means of initiative petition under a state law, procured an amendment to the city charter provision that "every grant of a street railway franchise should contain a provision" (set forth in the charter) "that

all the property of the grantee company within the limits of the public streets" could be purchased at any time by the city on a fair valuation "no value to be allowed for the franchise."

Students of the question will immediately recognize the effect of such a provision. In case the old company accepted a new extension franchise with this provision it would, by that act, submit its entire system to purchase by the city at a fair valuation. This would effectually put a stop to excessive stock-watering exploitation.

The street railway company declined to accept extension franchises under these terms. Instead it procured from a servile city council several franchises not containing this provision specifically required by the charter. And an obliging state supreme court held these franchises to be valid and binding.

It was to correct the abuse of granting these franchises that the quiz congress was conceived in 1910.

There were about sixty candidates for eighteen nominations for the city council, nine to be elected. The quiz congress, with a list of distinguished names as officers and committees extended invitations to all these candidates to ap-

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pear and submit themselves to cross-examination. Nearly all of them appeared. The proceedings were as funny as a circus. Slipped inconspicuously in among the other set questions was one reading: "Will you vote for street railway franchises which do not contain provisions specifically required by the city charter?" The answers were invariably in the negative.

But to old members of the council there was put the second question: "What explanation have you for voting for franchises which did not contain provisions specifically required by the charter?"

This was a poser. Some councilmen confessed that they did not know the provision existed. In some cases it had to be read to them. Others made other excuses and each new excuse aroused a new burst of laughter. In effect the apologists were laughed out of the campaign and defeated.

Many other of the questions were

equally leading and the answers equally illuminative. Many of the "good business men" candidates were found to be surprisingly ignorant of city affairs. In the election which followed, the highest vote was cast for one Oliver T. Erickson, an old single tax crusader who, for eight years, has been the dominating figure in the city council, a position which he holds to this day.

In several subsequent campaigns the quiz congress was found to be both very useful and very entertaining.

But now we find it no longer necessary. This is due to its wonderful educational effect on the mass of our citizens. It developed in our citizenship the practice of asking leading questions at public meetings.

No Seattle candidate for public office now expects to escape a Seattle audience without some measure of cross-examination. Many strangers within our gates with political wisdom to distribute have

been sadly disconcerted to come suddenly face to face with this habit of our people, women as well as men.

Imagine, for instance, the embarrassment of a chairman of the state public service commission, after speaking at length on the character and weighty importance of his public duties, being asked: "What is a fair and reasonable rate for a private corporation to charge for a public utility service, and how is that rate to be ascertained?" The answer in this case was: "I believe that is something which has never been defined." Or, a former president of the State Federation of Labor in Illinois (Mr. Walker) being confronted recently before our Commonwealth Club with the question: "In adjudicating wage disputes, assuming that you are seeking to do entire justice to all parties, how would you determine just what should be the wage of a workingman?" The answer in this case was as illuminating as mud and disclosed the fact that the speaker had suddenly discovered that if the worker was only entitled to a "living wage" then someone else was entitled to appropriate the value of his product above that level.

In Seattle as elsewhere the freedom of democratic expression has been and is being curtailed by the coercion of the privileged class parading under the shelter of "patriotic motives." But many of our citizens still cling tenaciously to the hard-won privilege of asking embarrassing questions of candidates who are seeking their votes.

I most enthusiastically recommend the methods of the quiz congress to all communities where citizens still sit in the darkness of supine indifference and allow themselves to be smothered under the *camouflage* of the professional office seeker.

JOE SMITH.

The Irish Question

St. Louis, Mo., April 26, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Nevertheless—the real "tragedy of Ireland" remains not a matter of English government, but of Irish thinking. The plain issue which the Sinn Feiner and his present ecclesiastical bed-fellow will not face is simply whether they are going to prefer a Prussian boss to a British boss—until the moment arrives to win freedom from both. And it has not arrived—yet.

To make conscription a shibboleth is petty, near-sighted politics of which Parnell would never have been guilty. If Ireland is able to prevent conscription, she is *strong* enough to submit to it, and still win her freedom. Resistance in this case may even be a confession of weakness—as truly as was Carson's on the home rule issue.

Does Ireland fancy she can be free with all the world enslaved? Could Russia?

The Irishmen who volunteered in the first years of war no more volunteered as *Irishmen* than did the Irish-Americans. They enlisted as Internationals—as lovers of liberty as an ideal. And

their love was stronger than Carson's hate. It will yet win home rule. Is it not curious that a sacred hierarchy should yet need—as truly as Presbyterian Ulster—to be reminded of a certain saying so readily forgotten by all "practical" politicians, from Cardinal Wolsey to Lord Lansdowne—"He that saveth his life shall lose it."

It comes to this: Either abstract ideals are worth more than immediate national advantage, or they are not. If ideals are *not* worth more than an opportunist nationalism, then Belgium was wrong and Austria is right; America is wrong and Turkey is right; South Africa is a fool and Dillon, Devlin & Co. are socratic. But if ideals broader than a narrow nationalism—such as the ideal which now unites the vari-raced and multi-creeded allies—are nil, then Germany is right. For where else has the idea of a narrow nationalism found such scientific fulfillment? Or *mediocrally* relentless?

The answer is not a Sinn Fein syllogism. Nor Aristotelian. The answer is the Marne—and Mercier—and American engineers fighting with bloody fists for the "things which are not seen, and are eternal."

I am prouder to-day of my strain of Portuguese blood than of the old Galway family whose name I bear. But I am still humbler for the claims of the

Christian religion when I see its prelates blessing treason as a sacrament while the death-cries of Belgian nuns and priests have not ceased to echo across the channel.

Would it really console the true Sinn Feiner for his own enslavement to look into the next yard, and see an Englishman also in chains? *Old maid stuff!* Then truly slavery rather than freedom bulks largest in his consciousness—and we have a possible reason for the loss of Irish liberties, from the days of Pope Paul and King Henry to this moment.

WALLACE H. BLAKE.

A local lawyer the other day recalled an experience of his when, as a newly fledged barrister, he was called upon to arbitrate in a compensation case in regard to certain slum property. Accompanied by an official from the city hall he proceeded to inspect the houses—there were six of them—and directly they set foot in the first one they noticed a distinctly disagreeable smell. In the second it was the same—only more so. The third one they entered was even worse. The official sniffed and sniffed. "What an unpleasant—ahem—odor," he said at length. "Can it be the drains?" The owner of the property shook his head. "Can't be the drains," he replied emphatically, "there ain't none."



The May Sales of White

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Camouflage

A nervous old beau entered a costumer's and said: "I want a little help in the way of a suggestion. I am going to the French students' masquerade ball to-night and I want a distinctly original costume—something I can be quite sure no one else will wear. What can you suggest?" The costumer looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on his gleaming, bald, and shining head. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, thoughtfully. "Why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"

♦♦♦

Last Aid

Mr. Tompkins was obliged to stop over night at a small country hotel. He was shown to his room by the one boy the place afforded, a colored lad. "I am glad there's a rope here in case of fire," commented Mr. Tompkins, as he surveyed the room, "but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent place?" "Dat am intended foh use, sah," replied the boy, "in case de fire am too far advanced foh yo' to make yo' escape, sah."

♦♦♦

The Wife (bitterly)—Our married life has been a long series of battles, beginning with our wedding day.

The Husband—Indeed, there was an engagement before that.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Coming Shows

Jane Cowl in "Lilac Time" is coming to the Jefferson theatre next week with the original New York and Chicago company. Although the scene is laid in northern France of the present time "Lilac Time" is not a war play in so far as it shows the effect of the war upon the civilians. There are no battlefields and no trenches but there are army officers quartered in French homes, and the love theme is supplied by an English officer and a French peasant maid, Miss Cowl. The play was written by Miss Cowl in collaboration with Jane Murfin and founded on letters received from friends in France.

Gertrude Hoffman will make a return engagement at the Orpheum next week with her gorgeous revue. Other numbers will be Frank McIntyre, the three hundred pound light comedian; Fannie and Kitty Watson, dazzlingly clad, songs and dialogue; Frances Kennedy in a group of exclusive songs; Jim and Betty Morgan in songs of their own; Johnny Clark and company in a comedy novelty with special scenery; and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

Robinson's military elephants will head the bill at the Grand Opera House next week; the stage is being especially braced for the act as four of the elephants appear at one time. Sheldon Brooks, composer of "Some of these Days" and other favorites, will be assisted in a fine musical number by Ollie Powers. Other numbers will be "The Neighbor's Gal," a rural drama; Marker and Schenk, singing; Ray and Fay, songs and chatter; Nelusco and Hurley in an original novelty; Vincent and Carter offering polite nonsense; Jean Barrios, "Songs and Camouflage;" Monohan and company, roller skaters; and the Universal Weekly.

The leading attractions at the Columbia next week will be the Five Funsters, the Six International Tourists—a travesty on tramp life, and a mechanical marvel called a Miniature Revue. Other numbers will be Fuller Bull, "the spieler;" Mae and Billy Earle in "Love Me, Love My Dog;" Althoff sisters with piano and songs; Lamey and Pearson in "Just for Fun;" Vanfield and Rena, jugglers; Eddie Badger, eccentric musical comedian; comedy pictures and Universal Current Events.

The Henry F. Dixon Revue of 1918 will be put on at the Standard next week. This is Dixon's fifteenth season and he claims it is his best. Harry (Hickey) Levan is still the chief fun-maker of the company, ably assisted by Frank B. Fanning, Helen Stuart, Claire Devine, Letty Bolles, C. W. Steffey and Charles L. Quinn.

Rectitude

A New York lawyer tells of a conversation that occurred in his presence between a bank president and his son who was about to leave for the west, there to engage in business on his own account. "Son," said the father, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon your mind: Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best." "Yes, father," said the young man. "And, by the way," added the graybeard, "I would advise you to read up a little on corporation law. It will amaze you to discover how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

Art in St. Louis

By Pinx

The annual spring exhibition of St. Louis art is a local show, in a sense; it still is confined to work by the city's artists. But the character taken by the enterprise has brought wide attention, and some call it unique among American art stimuli. Painters and sculptors from other cities send for entry cards and show disposition to participate, but the rule has held that only artists maintaining residence within fifty miles of St. Louis may take part, and instead of being a general western salon the St. Louis exhibition remains simply an effort to foster art and art appreciation here, plus the effort to do the thing in a way that will be education to other places.

There can be no doubt of the significance and effect of such public recognition of a community's art production. As to this, a look about in the Artists' Guild galleries is enough. The exhibitions there were sadly uninteresting. One of the inner battalion of Guild critics used to insist that the artists painted landscapes by the yard, like paper or sausage comes out of a mill, and cut the product in lengths to fit such space as the Guild gallery might afford, or such frames as they might possess; a frieze-like sameness invested the compositions. Nobody seemed to care; the artists least of all. As for figure paintings, they meant much trouble to produce, and mostly cried aloud of the difficulties with which they came into the world. Under the new influence of the Art League and the Artists' Guild, the exhibition now is stimulating to a visitor, in its active personalities drawn out into expressive life. Seventy-odd artists bear witness to the stimulative effect on them. Some "high-brows" are fond to indulge a somewhat sneering affectation toward awards, honors, prizes. The work, they say, should be done for itself, for art's sake, not for a prize. This attitude denotes mostly a lack of the productive will, the practical power to co-operate in a work that shows results.

It is fair to say that the awarding of the prizes this year was under the influence of an atmosphere clearer than that of a year ago. "Art for Art's Sake" is a beautiful but dangerous slogan. Misconceptions are invited, as the purpose for which anything exists is set aside and the thing itself called supreme. A saner view is that art should be a servant, not a mistress. In weak enthusiasts and those who combine weakness with that purer creptitude that makes "reformers," this slogan dictates the destruction of the past, and sanctions a general passing over from liberty to license.

If last year's was a Bolshevik jury, it is in keeping with the better oriented spirit now obtaining that the jury this year contented itself with homelier views, giving thought to the purpose which justifies the form of a work, and the sincerity and training shown in its development.

This attitude was expressed for the jury when chairman Charles Francis Browne

explained the feeling toward a decorative design by Ruth Kate Felker, awarded the prize for decorative painting. It is a "Ceiling Design for Library with Black Woodwork." There were numerous decorative pictures, some of them with beauty, but this design takes beauty into a place where it is called for to complete another work, and applies art significantly.

The Art League prize for the best work in the exhibition goes this year to a portrait, and a work of interpretative aspiration rather than one of superficial cleverness. Again purposefulness is kept in view by the jury. There is much of beauty, and quality that lingers and haunts, in "Marian," by Gustav F. Goetsch. A nocturne in oils and a group of etchings also testify to this artist's understanding of Whistler, and sympathy with the great subjective interpreter as against the Sargent idea.

The Chamber of Commerce purchase prize—made so this year—is one of those very practical co-operative achievements which sometimes vince top-lofty people, but are apt to be justified of their fruits. The Art League undertook a policy of interesting other bodies in co-operation for art and for a beautiful St. Louis, and the (then) Business Men's League responded with a prize painting of a St. Louis scene in the annual competitive salon. This year, the award is made a purchase prize and starts a local art collection of appropriate interest. The honor painting, "Thirteenth and Locust Street," by Oscar E. Berninghaus, is a truthful bit of local contemporary history, and good art. The Iconophile Society of New York has had rendered into art a large number of the scenes of interest, pride and delight, in that city, and so performed a service which is considerably appreciated. Something of the kind will come to St. Louis through the co-operation of the Chamber of Commerce and the art bodies.

The landscape prizes are won by Tom P. Barnett, architect as well as painter, and Edmund H. Wuerpel, director of the School of Fine Arts. Barnett's picture is of the frankest, joyfulest nature painting, and in its accomplishing *naïveté* highly American. Wuerpel's is a subjective interpretation, dependent upon tones and shades (not shadows, blue or otherwise), balance of mass and significance of line.

The award of the figure prizes to Fred G. Carpenter and Mildred Bailey Carpenter, his wife, recognizes two producers of imaginative art. Fantasie plays delightfully in the work of these clever young people and especially in Mrs. Carpenter's work one admires the sincere labor through which the play is developed for our enjoyment.

"Somewhere in Belgium," a woman crying out to what gods there be left for humanity, is the notable work in the sculpture section. It is poignant art—which always is purposeful art. It foreshadows a further change to come as our artists throw themselves into line with the national purpose, and make art serve their country. Victor S. Holm, the sculptor, shows also a "Lincoln" which deserves consideration.



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Marts and Money

In consequence of the elimination of many extensive short lines and disagreeable news from Flanders, the New York stock market has again fallen into a state of dullness and depression. In some leading cases quotations show declines of three to five points. Pessimistic opinionation busies itself chiefly with American Telephone, Canadian Pacific, Chicago, M. & St. Paul common, Studebaker, and Mexican Petroleum. In the last-named instance they conduct rather bold selling operations on reports that the Carranza government has the intention of introducing rigorous rules respecting the regulation and taxation of the oil and metal mining industries. Similar reports having been in currency several times in recent months, there's reason to suspect that the latest variety may have had its origin chiefly at bear headquarters. Manipulators and their retinues must have important fluctuations in order to cover the rising cost of genteel living, and M. P. is one of the most pliant means of obtaining them. Since January 1 the stock has moved between 79 $\frac{3}{8}$ and 98 $\frac{1}{2}$. Besides, some of the high political intriguers south of the Rio Grande may be taking much more than a platonic interest in the fortunes of Tampico oil certificates in the New York market. Practical politicians know their business. Liquidation in Canadian Pacific appears to be motivated by considerations of previously known general principles. The latest decline has so far failed of establishing a new minimum, owing, undoubtedly, to growth in absorptive power, naturally induced by severe depreciation in the past two years. Chicago, M. & St. Paul common has set a new absolute minimum by falling to 37. In this case the resumption of heavy selling followed the announcement that the board of directors had again refused to declare dividends on common and preferred shares. The fixed 7 per cent on the latter is non-cumulative. Nothing has been paid since last September. The common stock received 4 per cent in 1917, and 5 per cent in 1916. In 1902 it was considered an excellent purchase at 199 $\frac{3}{8}$. Studebaker common declined to 33 $\frac{7}{8}$ the other day, or within a small fraction of the lowest point of last November. For a few hours the selling was quite voluminous and insistent. As on some prior occasions, it was furthered by intimations of another cut in the dividend rate, which has been \$1 quarterly since last September. There's a startling multiplicity of unfavorable rumors and predictions about the automobile industry. It is largely, if not wholly, founded upon strong hints from Washington that the output of pleasure cars is to be reduced still further—to 30 or 25 per cent of the normal of recent years. The severe declines in the quoted values of prominent stocks of this kind have played the deuce with the finances of many thousands of investors and speculators. There was confident and eager purchasing between July, 1915, and September, 1917. Many who had bought at the exalted figures of 1915 and 1916 made haste to average up on their holdings after quotations were down thirty to one hundred points.

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All this reminds one of the shrewdness of a former stock exchange magnate, who declared that "many a man went broke buying bargains in Wall street." There are bargains and bargains, of course. One must know when to buy and what to buy, and be financially capable of sticking it out for months or years, if need be. American Telephone was a real bargain when it dropped from 133 to 88 in 1907; so was Pennsylvania Railroad, when it declined from 70 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 51 $\frac{3}{4}$. In 1909 the first-named stock advanced to 145 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the last-named (par value \$50) to 75 $\frac{1}{2}$. At this moment the respective quotations

are 97 and 44, respectively. They look pretty cheap when studied in the light of ante-bellum conditions, but Wall street is gravely in doubt as to whether they should be considered cheap in present circumstances. More than ever can it be said that all things are relative. While the financiers feel assured of ultimate victory for the United States and allied nations, they are in a condition of profound perplexity as regards the duration of the titanic struggle. Most speculators are of an impetuous turn of mind. They hate to wait for any length of time. They want quick and large profits. They wish to turn

over their money as often as possible. While quite willing to concede that Pennsylvania, Union Pacific, New York Central, General Electric, and Westinghouse Electric, to select only a few cases in point, are very temptingly valued at present, they feel at the same time that a great recovery is not yet in sight and that the future of the money market still is more or less of a mystery. We have been told by several high authorities that the full military power of America will not be felt in France before 1920. What will loanable funds be worth if the war lasts till then or till 1921? If it is thought desirable at

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Washington to prevent a sharp rise in interest rates, the probability is that it will be found necessary, in furtherance of such desire, to compel drastic curtailment of all speculative operations, not only on the stock exchanges, but also on grain, cotton, coffee, and other exchanges. Rumors to this effect are already afloat in New York and Chicago. The reported proposal to eliminate "all non-essential industries" is another important pointer. Establishments falling into this category are to be unkindly dealt with in respect to loans, with a view to forcing them into idleness or definite suspension. By lessening the requisitions for surplus capital it is sought to keep the loanable value of money on equitable bases. The Finance Corporation, provided for by recent legislation, is expected to play the dominating part in the execution of our unparalleled programme of war finance. The petty gamblers in Wall street bestow little or no heed upon matters of this sort. They cling to the idea that every passing day has its sufficiency of evil. But there can be no question that the hierarchy of finance quite realizes the various and tremendous potentialities of the general situation, and is shaping its course and plans accordingly. The war must be financed, be the cost what it may. United States Steel common is valued at 94½, or about three points less than a week back. The quotation seems to support the belief that the quarterly dividend rate will not be reduced at this week's meeting of the finance committee. Independently of this, it must be regarded as anomalous that a stock paying holders \$17 per annum should be purchasable at 94½, a figure indicative of a yield of almost 18 per cent. Republic Steel common, rated at 80, nets only 7½ per cent, the regular dividend being 6 per cent. Anaconda Copper, selling at 63, nets about 12¾ per cent, the yearly dividend being \$8. It is a fair conclusion, I think, that in regnant United States Steel circles the advisability of a lower dividend rate, say 8 or 10 per cent in all, is carefully pondered these days. Such action may not be taken before the close of 1918, however. Another spurt in the silver market has put the price at 99½ cents per ounce fine. The demand from India and China continues heavy, we are told, and additional improvement in the value seems probable, therefore, especially if note is taken also of the increasing demand for coinage in European nations. Efforts to cause a material rise in the quotations for rubber shares have not been particularly successful thus far. They are partly inspired by an advance from 58 to 65 cents per pound in the quotation for the best grade of plantation crude rubber, which ensued upon the report that the British Rubber Growers' Association has determined to restrict this year's output to 80 per cent of the 1917 crop in order to conserve marine tonnage and to check the decline in rubber prices in the Orient. The United States Rubber Co., carrying heavy stocks of crude rubber, is said to be anticipative of substantial increases in earnings, as a result of the curtailment of production and imports. The rate for drafts on Rome shows another considerable break, it being

8.97½ at the moment, against a normal level of 5.19½. Before the war the American dollar was worth only 5.19½ lire. It is believed that Italian speculators are to some extent responsible for the violent depreciation. If such is the case, the Italian government should not hesitate about putting a peremptory stop to such unpatriotic operations. Wall street feels enthusiastic over Charles M. Schwab's appointment as head of the shipbuilding department of the government. The opinion is that he will speedily solve the problem of getting an unfailing sufficiency of ships. Wall street has always had a sincere liking for Schwab; ever since he was seen walking briskly past the stock exchange in increased trousers one nice morning, years ago. Common, trifling things are apt to exert important influences upon some men's careers and human life in general. Cleopatra's nose? Yes, I know.



Finance in St. Louis

There's very little to chronicle concerning the local market for bonds and shares. Conditions and prices are practically unchanged in the majority of cases. Business continues on a modest scale most of the time brokers are in session. It shows the restrictive effects of the increasing requisitions of funds for war purposes. Twenty shares of Bank of Commerce were lately transferred at the previous price of 114.50. This compares with a minimum of 108.50 in 1917. The stock is entitled to 6 per cent per annum. At 115 the net yield is 5¼ per cent. Fourteen shares of Boatmen's Bank brought 101. The recent high mark was 106. Last year's low point was 100. National Candy common is selling at 42 to 42.50. Ninety-five shares were sold in the last few days. Thirteen shares of Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred changed hands at 103; fifteen Certain-teed first preferred at 89, two of the second preferred at 85, and eight of the common at 40.25. Last January the last-named stock sold at 50. Ten Brown Shoe common, a 6 per cent issue, were taken at 65.50; one hundred Granite-Bimetallic at 37½, \$20,000 United Railways 4s at 51.50 to 52, and \$1,000 St. Louis Brewing 6s at 62.50. The bonds last mentioned are now selling at the lowest prices ever recorded on the stock exchange. Up to about twelve years ago they were readily taken at 98 to 103. The depreciatory movement is the natural result of the prohibition propaganda.



Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	114	115
State National Bank	190
St. Louis Union Trust	305
United Railways com.	4	4½
do pfd.	18
do 4s	51½	51¾
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s.	60
Union Depot 6s.	97
Certain-teed com.	40½
International Shoe com.	106½	107
Brown Shoe com.	61½
Hydraulic P. Brk. com.	1
Consolidated Coal	82¼	82¾
Granite-Bimetallic	36¼	38¾
National Candy com.	42	42½
Wagner Electric	148
Mermod, Jaccard & King pfd.	25

Answers to Inquiries

QUERY, St. Louis.—Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent preferred, quoted at 104, is an investment stock. Since issuance a few months since the price has fluctuated between 96½ and 103. Trading in it has not been heavy at any time. There's \$29,724,000 outstanding, all of which, in case of liquidation of assets, ranks *pari passu* with the old 7 per cent non-cumulative preferred. The 8 per cent is cumulative. If you bide your time, you may have a chance to buy a certificate below par.

INVESTOR, Omaha, Nebr.—As matters stand, Chicago, M. & St. Paul common must be considered a thoroughly speculative proposition. The board of directors has again announced that action on the dividend matter will not be taken before the government has signed the contract with the company. The current price of the common is 37½. This would indicate that resumption of payments is regarded as improbable in high quarters, so far as this class of stock is concerned. The three-year average is decidedly against hopes in this respect. Would not advise purchasing save for a long distance speculation. Last November the low notch was 35.

D. H. McM., St. Joseph, Mich.—There's little possibility of a substantial recovery in Maxwell Motor second preferred in the measurable future. For this reason, as also on account of the government's intention to order a reduction to 25 or 30 per cent in pleasure car output, you need not be in a hurry as to purchasing another certificate. Stick to the one you have, and try to better your speculative position by taking hold of a desirable dividend-payer of another kind. In present circumstances, the stock's quotation of 21 cannot be claimed to represent improper undervaluation. The status of motor shares has radically been altered by developments in the past six months.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—If you bought for an investment, there's no immediate reason for selling your American Car & Foundry common certificate at the prevailing price of 78. You get \$8 per annum in regular and extra dividends, and you may get still more before the year is out. The company is earning approximately 30 per cent on the common after the 7 per cent on the preferred, and has just secured additional heavy railroad equipment contracts from the government. The net return at 78 is over 10¼ per cent. The danger of severe depreciation in the stock's value is not serious.

H. J. W., Westminster, Md.—There's no probability of a great advance in Mercantile Marine common in the next six months. The current price of 23½ implies a fair valuation, dividend prospects being poor with over 65 per cent still due on the preferred. The stock has not been very active in recent months, speculators giving decided preference to the preferred. In the event of another big move in shares of this class, the price might recover to about 35. Since January 1, 1917, the market range has been 36¾ and 17¼. In the fall of 1917, 50¾ was paid shortly before the return of company to share-

holders. The stock may prove a profitable purchase if held for three or four years. Much of it is owned by the American International Corporation, which is controlled by the National City Bank interests of New York.

SCRIPTOR, Santa Cruz, Cal.—American Telephone & Telegraph will doubtless drop to 90 before long. The stock is cautiously pressed for sale every time it rallies two or three points. The present quotation of 97 compares with 95¾ on December 18 last. In the 1907 panic 88 was touched. The highest on record—186—was reached about fourteen years ago. The downward drift is fostered by fears of a cut in the dividend rate, which has been 8 per cent since 1905. Moreover, there's increasing talk of government control. A 6 per cent dividend would mean a price of not over 85.



Correct Speech

One afternoon Mike was caught in a railway wreck, which, fortunately, wasn't a very serious one, and when his friends found him he was sitting beside the track holding his head in one hand and a leg in the other, said members, of course, not being detached. "How are you feeling, Mike?" asked one of the party, stooping to help the bruised man. "Are you badly hurt?" "Thot Oi am," answered Mike. "Oi fale as if Oi had troid to stop a foight betwane a road roller an' a mule." "Never mind, old fellow," sympathetically returned the other. "It is not as bad as it might have been, and you will get damages, you know." "Damages!" exclaimed Mike. "Shure, an' Oi've had enough av thim. It's repairs thot Oi'm nadin' now."



A Kansas soldier is said to have written home to his mother that he had so many blankets on his bed that he had to use a book mark to see where to get in.



Comparisons

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, strolling along Fifth avenue, New York, recently was recognized by an observing shopgirl out for her lunch. "Look, Mame," the girl said, as she nudged her companion. "There goes Forbes-Robertson, the great actor. They say he's gone into the movies." The girl addressed as Mame masticated her chewing gum unmercifully as she surveyed the dignified face and figure of the actor. "Well," she announced critically, "I wish him luck, but he'll never hold a candle to Charlie Chaplin, that's my guess."



Dead Easy

Senator George Sutherland of Utah relates the following: "One evening a young man attended a circus, where one of the big features of the show was a beautiful lion-tamer. Entering the ring, followed by the lion, the fair charmer placed a lump of sugar between her lips, which the king of the forest took from her with his teeth. Instantly the youth sat up and began to take notice. 'Great stunt all right,' he enthusiastically shouted to the performer, 'but I can do it, too!' 'Of course,' scornfully replied the

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pretty performer, who didn't like having her act minimized, 'but do you really think you can?' 'Most assuredly,' was the prompt rejoinder of the young man, 'just as well as the lion.'



Orthographic

Reference at a social gathering was made to the occasional difficulties of spelling, when Congressman Frank E. Guernsey of Maine fittingly recalled a little anecdote along that line. Jones occupied an office in common with Smith. One afternoon Jones was writing a letter when he paused and became very thoughtful. "Say, Jim," he finally remarked, glancing across at the other, "how do you spell 'graphic,' with one 't' or two?" "Well," responded Jim, who didn't want to hurt Jones' feelings, "if you are going to use any, Sam, I guess you might go the limit."



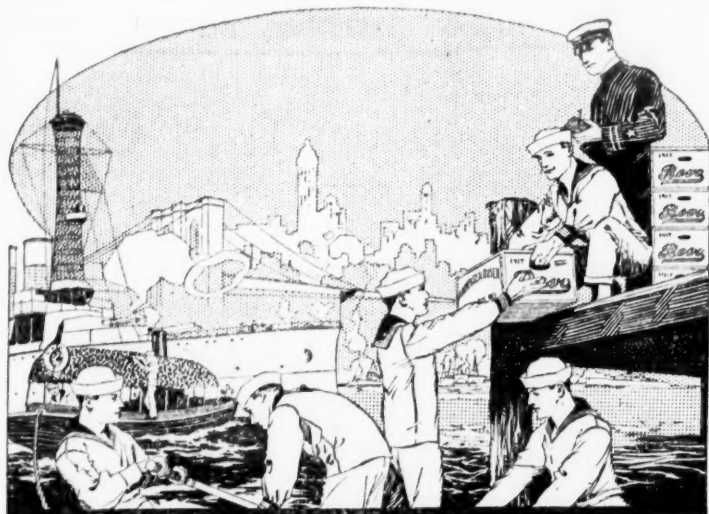
Exchange

Day by day an Ontario housewife saw her household and kitchen furniture slowly disappear. One morning when Tommy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement,

"Ma wants the wash-boiler," the housewife determined to act. "You can tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed I will lend her the boiler." In a little while Tommy reappeared. "Ma wants to know what she borrowed." "There is a pound of flour," began the other, "a peck of potatoes, a cup of sugar, a can of coffee, a half-pound of lard, some onions, and butter, and spices; the screw-driver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors and"—she paused reflectively—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles, and—" But Tommy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again. "Ma says for you to write them down. I forgot some of them." Whereupon the housewife sat down with a pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the articles she could remember. Tommy took the list and disappeared. A half-hour later he once more appeared at the back door and announced: "Ma says if you will lend her the wash-boiler to carry them in, she'll bring them home."



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